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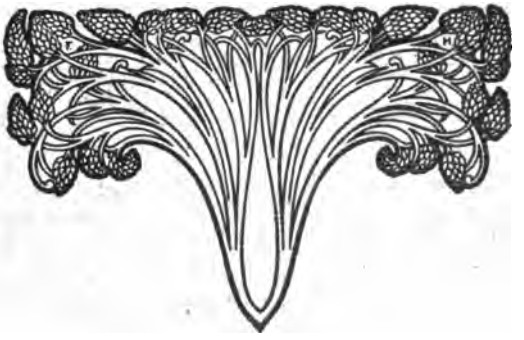

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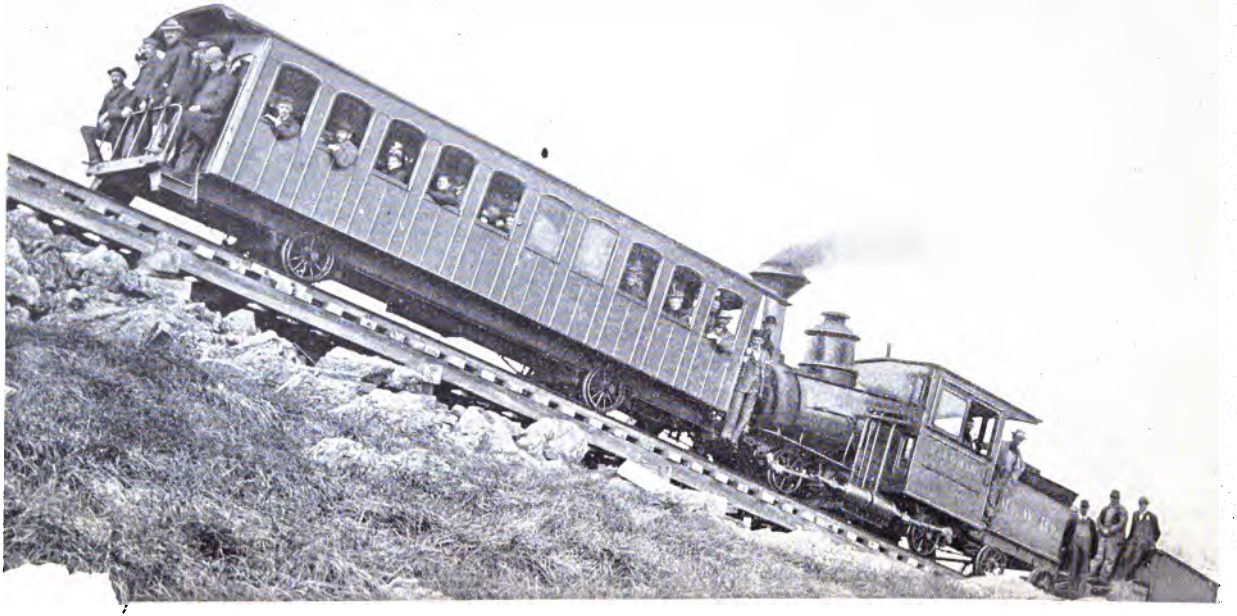

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY — TRAIN NEAR SUMMIT.

MOUNT WASHINGTON

A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELERS

With Illustrations and Panoramic View

By FRANK H. BURT
Editor of *Among the Clouds*

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 6, 7
Altitudes of Presidential Range, 6

THE ASCENT BY RAIL . . 10–23
From Fabyan's to Base . . . 10
Mount Washington Railway . 13
View from Waumbek Tank . 15
Burt's Ravine 16
The View Half-way Up . . 16
Jacob's Ladder 17
The Presidential Peaks . . . 19
Great Gulf 21
Lizzie Bourne's Monument . 21

THE SUMMIT 24–57
Summit House 24
"Among the Clouds" . . . 25
The Old Hotels — Tip-Top House and Summit House . 27
The Signal Station 29
First Winter on the Mountain, 31
Observers' Hardships . . . 32
View from Summit 33
Looking Southward 34
View from Signal Station . . 35
Westerly Outlook 36
Table of Distances 37
Sunset 39
Evening at the Summit . . . 39
Sunrise 42
Shadow of the Mountain . . 42
Atmospheric Changes . . . 42
Storm and Sunshine 44
Frost Work 46
Mount Washington Railway . 47

PAGE

Slide Boards 50
Mount Washington Carriage Road 51

PATHS 59–74
Crawford Bridle Path . . . 60
Tuckerman's Ravine . . . 62
Huntington's Ravine . . . 65
Ammonoosuc Ravine . . . 67
Mount Pleasant Path . . . 67
The Northern Peaks . . . 67
King's Ravine 69
Over the Range — Gulfside Trail and Israel Ridge Path, etc. 69

HISTORY OF MOUNT WASHINGTON 75–91
First Ascent, by Darby Field — Indian Legends — Naming of the Mountains 75
The Crawfords and Rosebrooks —The Pioneers Abel and Ethan Allen Crawford—First Paths up Mount Washington—First Ascent by Women 76
Historical Notes—Earliest Winter Ascents — The Old Wooden Shelter — Observatory—Tower—Winter Visits by Women 79
Casualties 82
Ownership 90
Appalachian Mountain Club . 91

CONCLUDING NOTE 92

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Mount Washington Railway — Train Near Summit. . Frontispiece	
Mount Washington and Ammonoosuc River	8
Mount Washington from Intervale,	9
Falls of the Ammonoosuc	12
Mount Washington Railway— Coldspring Hill	14
Mount Washington Railway— Jacob's Ladder	18
Presidential Range — Northern Peaks	20
Lizzie Bourne's Monument	22
Summit House	23
Office of "Among the Clouds"	25
Henry M. Burt	26
Tip-Top House	28
John Hubbard Spaulding	29
Signal Station	30
Signal Station in Winter	32
The Summit in Early Days	40
Above the Clouds	43
Boott Spur, in a Sea of Clouds	45
Summit House in Winter	46
A Frosty Day	47
Southern Peaks and Railway Track	49
Summit from Chandler Ridge	50
Slide Boards	51
Mounts Adams and Madison from Carriage Road	53
Opening of Mount Washington Carriage Road	54
Mounts Adams and Madison from Glen House	55
Glen Ellis Falls	57
Cone of Mount Washington from Boott Spur	58
Lake of the Clouds	61
Tuckerman's Ravine — Fall of a Thousand Streams	62
Snow Arch in Tuckerman's Ravine	63
Curtis B. Raymond	64
Crystal Cascade	66
Madison Spring Hut	68
Mounts Jefferson, Adams, and Madison	70
Looking into the Great Gulf	72
Presidential Range from Jefferson Highlands	74
Notch House, built 1819	78
Tip-Top House in Winter	79
First Observatory, 1854	80
The Tower	81
Lizzie C. Bourne (from a painting)	84
Monument of Lizzie Bourne at Kennebunk	85
George W. Bourne	85
Monument of William B. Curtis	87
Memorial Tablet to William B. Curtis	89
Panoramic View from Mount Washington:	
Section I., East and South, facing	37
Section II., West and North, "	89

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

(From Henry M. Burt's "Illustrated Guide of the Connecticut Valley," 1867.)

"The goal is reached. You stand on the Summit of Mount Washington, sixty-three hundred feet above old ocean, the grandeur and sublimity of all New England at your feet! . . . You have read, you have dreamed of grand old mountains; but not even the rose-coloring of boyhood ever pictured to your imagination such vastness and sublimity. Words fail to give adequate expression to the feeling that has come over you, and you stand in mute silence before this awe-inspiring scene. If there be one place more holy than another, you are sure that it has at last been reached; for here is a grand temple not reared with hands, and it seems too sacred a place to be profaned by the coarse and vulgar, who never read sermons in towering mountains, trackless forests, and mighty rocks."

INTRODUCTION.

THE White Mountains, whose beauty and grandeur have long made them the most famous scenic region in America, occupy that portion of the State of New Hampshire included between Lake Winnepesaukee on the south and the Canadian boundary on the north, overlapping to a small extent the western boundary of the State of Maine. Within this territory are hundreds of mountain peaks, some six prominent passes, or "notches," numberless lakes, and the head waters of four of New England's great rivers,— the Saco, the Androscoggin, the Merrimack, and the Connecticut.

Among the early settlers, as well as by the first writers who treated of the region, the name "White Mountains" was applied particularly to the principal range, of which Mount Washington is the central peak. Gradually the meaning of the term has been broadened to cover the whole territory described above, while the name "Presidential Range" now distinguishes the great range referred to, whose principal peaks bear the names of the early Presidents. The following are the mountains of the Presidential Range, named in order of position from north to south: —

THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE.

	Height in feet.
Madison	5,380
Adams	5,805

	Height in feet.
*Quincy Adams	5,470
*Sam Adams	5,585
Jefferson	5,725
Clay	5,533
Washington	6,300
†Boott Spur	5,520
Monroe	5,390
Franklin	5,028
Pleasant	4,775
Clinton	4,275
Jackson	4,012
Webster	3,875

The great majority of the visitors to Mount Washington make the ascent by the famous Mount Washington Railway on the west side, the first cog railway built on any mountain in the world.

On the east side the carriage road from the Glen is a popular means of access, and many passengers going up the railway go down by stage. For those who love the exhilaration of climbing there are numerous paths leading over the Northern and the Southern Peaks and through Tuckerman's Ravine. Shelter and comfort at the top are afforded by the Summit House, one of the best mountain-top hotels in the world. Visitors may leave Boston, Portland, Burlington, Montreal, or Quebec in the morning, go up the mountain by rail, and sleep at the Summit House the same night; or, leaving New York or Boston at night, may dine on the mountain the next noon.

* Minor peaks of Mount Adams.

† A ridge diverging south-easterly from Mount Washington.

By courtesy of Boston & Maine R.R.

MOUNT WASHINGTON AND AMMONOOSUC RIVER.

By courtesy of Boston & Maine R.R.

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM INTERVALE.

THE ASCENT BY RAIL.

Arriving by the early trains from every part of the mountain region, visitors bound for Mount Washington on a single day's trip find themselves at Fabyan's, seven miles from the base of Mount Washington, about 9 A.M. The Union Station of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads is a general railroad centre for the mountain district, and the early morning finds express trains coming and going in rapid succession. Passengers going up for the night usually plan to reach Fabyan's by one of the express trains arriving in the afternoon from Boston, Montreal, Quebec, or Burlington. The trip between Fabyan's and the Summit occupies one hour and fifty minutes.

The Fabyan House, near which the Fabyan station is situated, is within a few rods of the spot where stood the first White Mountain hotel, opened in 1803 (see p. 76); and the site has been occupied by hotels during the greater part of the century that has passed.

From Fabyan's to Base.

The train which runs between Fabyan's and the Base Station is made up of observation cars, and is backed up grade by its powerful locomotive, so that the passengers have uninterrupted views of the great range, yet have no annoyance from cinders or dust. The ascent from Fabyan's to the Base is 1,200 feet, the maximum grade being 316 feet

per mile. This, it should be remembered, is an ordinary surface road; but a single engine easily pushes three loaded cars up this unusually heavy incline.

"Train for Mount Washington!" is the announcement to which the waiting passengers at Fabyan's eagerly respond as the observation cars appear in front of the station. The seats are speedily filled, a photographer takes a quick view of the train and passengers, to be ready on their return, and the start is made. There is a stop at Bretton Woods, half a mile east of Fabyan's, to take passengers from the two hotels, the Mount Pleasant and the Mount Washington. Then the train turns to the left, passing Lake Carolyn, and moves toward Mount Washington, which now stands directly before us, supported by its brother peaks at left and right. The track of the Mount Washington Railway may be seen for two-thirds of its length from base to summit.

After a run of a few minutes through the forest the train slows down to give a view (to the left of the track) of the Falls of the Ammonoosuc. For a distance of several hundred feet the swiftly dashing stream has worn a gorge in the solid rock, leaving great basins and fantastic formations, over which the river pours in its headlong rush.

On our left are the high ridge of Mount Dartmouth and the smaller peak of Mitten Mountain, the latter separated from Mount Jefferson by the high pass known as Jefferson Notch.

A long stretch of straight track takes the train directly toward Mount Pleasant, whose graceful dome rises higher and higher as you approach it. A solitary highway cross-

ing is noted on this portion of the route, where the track crosses the Jefferson Notch Road, built in 1901–02 by the

By courtesy of Boston & Maine R.R.

FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC.

State with the co-operation of the hotel proprietors and others interested in the mountain resorts, and extending from the Crawford House to Jefferson Highlands.

Mount Washington Railway.

At the Base Station the trains of the Mount Washington Railway are awaiting the arrival of the passengers, who quickly change from the observation cars to the small closed cars of the cog railway. The Base is a lonely little settlement lying directly at the foot of Mount Washington, shut in at the north by a spur of Mount Clay and at the south by great parallel ridges coming down from Mounts Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant.

There is a group of railway buildings, including car-house, repair shops, boarding-house, etc., and a colony of perhaps fifty people whose presence is necessitated for the operation of the railway. The spot is about 2,700 feet above sea-level.

The trains for the Summit are made up of one car to an engine, the locomotive pushing the car before it and backing down the mountain ahead of it. The cars carry about forty passengers each, and as many trains are run at a trip as travel demands, starting at intervals of three or four minutes. The mountain locomotive is a curious little affair, with boiler tilted down so as to preserve an average level on the steep grades. The earliest locomotives had upright boilers, a style which was abandoned after a few years' experience.

A few minutes' ride brings the train to a trestle bridge over the Ammonoosuc, now diminished to a small mountain stream which dashes down a rocky bed. It was at this point that the building of the first section of the railway began, in 1866. The nearest railroad station was then at Littleton, twenty-five miles away; and every bit of material, including the locomotive and cars,

had to be hauled through the woods by ox-teams. Indeed, up to 1876 the passengers for the mountain were brought to the Base by coach. The original railway buildings were clustered about a three-story, unpainted and un-

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY — COLDSPRING HILL.

clapboarded "depot," with sleeping rooms above for the employees. On the hillside was a boarding-house, the Marshfield House, the place being known as "Marshfield," in honor of Sylvester Marsh, the projector of the road. The name was too pretentious for the spot, however, and the "Base" it always has been called and will doubtless remain.

In 1876 the road was extended down grade a third of a mile to meet the branch built that year from Fabyan's. The old buildings were burned in the spring of 1895.

Crossing the bridge and making a slight turn, we see a slope, nearly a mile long, up which the track ascends at a grade which from this point of view is startling. When near the brow of this pitch — known as Coldspring Hill — we are climbing nearly 1 foot in 3. Far above us the track is seen winding upward above the tree line, and we now begin to discern the varied surface of the upper portion of the range, which looks so smooth from below. Thus far the forest keeps us company, though the railway location is cleared for some rods on either side of the track, giving a steadily widening view of rare beauty as we go upward. The spruces and firs of the adjacent forest are intermingled with birch and other hard woods.

View from Waumbek Tank.

Over the brow of Coldspring Hill is the "Waumbek Tank," where the first stop for water is made. A few minutes are allowed us to step out and enjoy the view. We look down into a vast valley, embracing the region of Fabyan's and Bretton Woods, the range which includes Mounts Deception, Dartmouth, and Mitten on the right, and the Rosebrook Range before us. Bethlehem, some

twenty miles away, is seen in the west, and far beyond it, with steep sides and flattened top, the noble peak of Camel's Hump in the Green Mountains. Over the Rosebrook Range there rise in succession Mount Hale, the North and South Twins, and Lafayette. The peaks of Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant are now our near neighbors on the south, and gain in impressiveness as we approach nearer to their level.

Once more in the car and moving upward, we soon see marked evidences of a change of climate. The trees are shorter and shorter, and many are hung with moss, such as is seen in tropical forests. "Half-way up," the conductor tells us, as we pass a trackmen's shelter by the side of the railroad. Now we are above the forest, save only for the scrub spruces; and we look to the left into Burt's Ravine, which lies between us and a spur of Mount Clay. There is a descent of perhaps 1,000 feet to the floor of this ravine, which was named in 1901 by the county commissioners of Coos County in honor of the late Henry M. Burt, the founder of the newspaper, *Among the Clouds*, printed at the Summit.

Burt's Ravine.

The View Half-way Up.

Now the view unfolded toward the north-west embraces the village of Jefferson, prominent in which are the Waumbek Hotel and its surrounding cottages. Over Jefferson rises the long and conspicuous range comprising Mounts Starr King and Pliny, along whose base a straight highway stretches for several miles, guiding the eye from the Waumbek to the village of Jefferson Highlands, only a few miles from the foot of the Presidential Range. In the broad valley between us and Jefferson glitters Cherry Pond,

was given to the ascent of the steep crag referred to thirty or forty years before the building of the railway. Made passable for horses by Horace Fabyan soon after 1840, it became known as the Fabyan Bridle Path.

Look quickly to the right as you cross the Ladder, and you see the beginning of the Ammonoosuc as it pours its rapid torrent down from the Lake of the Clouds. Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant are about on a level with us.

The Presidential Peaks.

For the next half mile the train toils steadily upward, still skirting the edge of Burt's Ravine, until it draws toward the ridge which joins Mount Washington to Mount Clay. All at once a sharp peak rises above this ridge. It is the apex of Mount Adams, the sharpest summit in this region. A moment later the lesser peak, known as Sam Adams, rises at its left; then, nearer, between Sam Adams and Clay, the symmetrical summit of Jefferson. Now, at the right of Adams, there rises a lower but more graceful mountain, Mount Madison, the fourth in height of the Presidential Range. Clay, Jefferson, Sam Adams, Adams, Madison,—this is the order in which they stand as you go from Washington. Swinging to north and north-east, this magnificent range is easily the grandest feature of the view.

Soon we look into the depths of the Great Gulf, which is hemmed in by the encircling wall of the Presidential Range, and into which we see the rocky precipice of Mount Clay descending nearly 2,000 feet. At the right of Madison flows the Androscoggin through the peaceful Shelburne meadows, while far to northward lie the waters of Umbagog and the Rangeley Lakes, watched over by the mountains of Northern Maine.

Clay. Jefferson. Adams. Madison.

PRESIDENTIAL RANGE—NORTHERN PEAKS.

whose square-cut borders command the notice of every visitor. The valley of Israel's River extends westward to join that of the Connecticut at Lancaster, beyond which we look far into Vermont. Among the nearer mountains in the latter State we note two sharp peaks of moderate height, but remarkable symmetry, about in line with Cherry Pond, — Mounts Burke and Umpire. Far beyond them is the striking serrated ridge of Jay Peak, near the Canada line. Turning more to the left we see over Mount Dartmouth the massive Cherry Mountain, and many miles beyond, along the horizon, grand old Mount Mansfield, Vermont's highest summit.

But we should leave the distant view and look at our immediate surroundings. The trees have given place to scrub. Now we pass a belt of dead trees, bleached to the semblance of bones by exposure to unnumbered winters. Rough rocks, overgrown with lichens, cover the larger part of the surface, interspersed with coarse grasses and sedges and alpine flowers.

Jacob's Ladder. A sudden angle in the track brings us upon Jacob's Ladder, the longest and highest trestle on the road, about 30 feet high, 300 feet long, and rising with a grade of 13½ inches per yard, equal to 1,980 feet per mile, or 37.41 per cent. No higher grade exists on any cog railway in the world save that up Pilatus.

Just at the foot of the Ladder you note the traces of a path, which has been in view for some minutes at our left, running parallel to the railroad, and which here crosses the track to mount a rocky crag at the right. Opened by Ethan Allen Crawford in 1820 or 1821, this was the second path up the mountain; and the name "Jacob's Ladder"

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY—JACOB'S LADDER.

Great Gulf. A second stop for water is made at the Gulf Tank; and the conductor escorts the passengers to the edge of the Gulf, giving them their first scramble over the rocks and their first breath of the stimulating mountain wind. Looking down into the depths, they see the tiny Spaulding's Lake, named for John H. Spaulding, an early landlord of the Tip-Top House. In July their eyes are often refreshed with a glimpse of snow banks on the lower slope of Mount Clay, and another on the eastern side of Mount Jefferson. With this suggestion of an Arctic climate they are ready to enjoy the nonsensical nickname of this gorge, which has amused visitors for half a century,— the "Gulf of Mexico."

Growing profusely among the grasses under your feet is the little white blossom of the Greenland sandwort (*Arenaria Grœnlandica*), a veritable Arctic flower, of which Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the explorer, says that it "only disappears in Greenland at latitude 80°," while it is found as far south as the mountains of North Carolina. It is the most abundant of all flowers found on the mountain.

The Summit House is now in sight, and we will be there in eleven minutes. At the left is seen the carriage road from the Glen House, following the edge of the Gulf. One or two large water tanks are passed, these being reserve supplies to guard against drought, which is sometimes felt in mid-summer, even so near the clouds as on this mountain top.

Lizzie Bourne's Monument. Rounding the last curve before reaching the top, we see on our right the memorial of a tragedy of nearly half a century ago,— the monument of Lizzie Bourne, who per-

ished from cold and exhaustion while climbing the mountain from the Glen House, September 14, 1855. (See page 83.)

We have now turned toward the south-west for the last

LIZZIE BOURNE'S MONUMENT.

sharp rise. From the left-hand windows we have a hurried look across a vast sweep of mountain and valley, extending across the State of Maine until the eye falls on the Atlantic Ocean. But there is no more time for an outlook; for in a moment the ascent is finished, and the train stops on the platform in front of the Summit House.

SUMMIT HOUSE, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE SUMMIT.

Summit House. The Summit is a rocky plateau of irregular outline, some two or three acres in extent, rising behind the Summit House to a peak a little above the general level. The Summit House is at the eastern side of the plateau, and is a three-story wooden structure with ample accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. The house was built in the most substantial manner possible, and its framework is secured to the solid rock by long bolts, enabling it to resist the fiercest storms of winter. It is heated throughout by steam, has modern sanitary plumbing, and is furnished in every particular to insure the comfort of guests in the most severe blizzards. Special attention is paid to the table, which is supplied with everything that travellers are accustomed to find in summer hotels at more accessible points. For many years the Summit House has been leased by the Barron, Merrill & Barron Company, proprietors of the Fabyan, Crawford, and Twin Mountain Houses. Miss Mattie A. Clarke, manager, and Mr. A. Frank Curtis, clerk, have been long and pleasantly known to those who year after year repeat their visits to the mountain top.

The Summit House was built during the years 1872–73 by Walter Aiken, manager of the Mount Washington Railway, and John E. Lyon, president of the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad. It took two hundred and fifty trains to carry up the lumber, and

the difficulties of building so large a structure where such severe weather prevails may readily be imagined. The cost of the Summit House, not including freight, was $56,599.57. The house opened in July, 1873, and was first leased to Captain John W. Dodge, of Hampton Falls, N.H. Captain Dodge died June 3, 1875; and his widow,

OFFICE OF "AMONG THE CLOUDS."

Mrs. Harriet D. Dodge, carried on the house successfully for nine seasons, ending with the summer of 1883. Mrs. Dodge died at Hampton Falls, September 4, 1903, aged 82. Since the death of Messrs. Aiken and Lyon, their interests have passed into the hands of the railway company.

"Among the Clouds."

Just around the corner from the Summit House is the office of the daily newspaper, *Among the Clouds*, which has long been noted as the only paper printed on any mountain top in the

world. It was founded in 1877, by Henry M. Burt, of Springfield, Mass., and was printed for eight summers in the

HENRY M. BURT — 1831-1899.
Founder of *Among the Clouds*.

old Tip-Top House. The present building was erected in the fall of 1884. Two editions are printed daily,— the principal one in the early morning, and at 1 P.M. a noon

edition, containing the arrivals by the morning train. All events of interest relating to the mountain are fully reported, together with the news of the principal mountain resorts, while many articles of historic and scientific value have appeared in its columns. Mr. Burt, who was a life-long journalist, was the founder of the *New England Homestead* and author of "The First Century in the History of Springfield." He conducted *Among the Clouds* for twenty-two summers, and enjoyed the friendship of great numbers of visitors. He died March 7, 1899, since which time the paper has been published by his son, Frank H. Burt, of Newton, Mass. The printing office is fully equipped, having a steam engine and a Hoe cylinder press, and is of much interest to visitors, many of whom find here a chance to see for the first time a newspaper plant in operation.

The Old Hotels. A few rods back of the hotel and at a higher level is the oldest relic of enterprise on the mountain,— the Tip-Top House, built in 1853, measuring 84 by 28 feet, with outer walls of the rough stone of the mountain, and finished originally inside with timber brought up by horses over a bridle path. It has fallen into decay since the printing office left it; but one can still go upstairs and see the seventeen little bedrooms, and can pass through what were the dining-room and kitchen to a small observatory at the rear, added in recent years for the enjoyment of the sunset views. The low-studded and damp rooms tell the story of the twenty years during which this house served as a shelter for travelers.

In the rear of the Summit House will be seen the cottage

occupied by the hotel help. This is on the site of the original Summit House, built in 1852 by Joseph S. Hall and Lucius M. Rosebrook, of Lancaster, and Nathan R. Perkins, of Jefferson. The old house was similar to the Tip-Top House, measuring 64 by 24 feet, and was first opened for visitors July 28, 1852. The Tip-Top House

TIP-TOP HOUSE—BUILT 1853.

was built the next year by Samuel F. Spaulding & Co., of Lancaster, and after a short time the two houses came under a common management. John H. Spaulding, of Lancaster, kept the two houses several years. John R. Hitchcock, of Gorham, was the lessee of the Tip-Top and Summit Houses from 1861 until the building of the new Summit House, and paid a rent of $2,000 per year after the second year. The original cost of the two houses was $6,000.

As first built, both houses had flat roofs; but upper stories, with sleeping rooms, were subsequently added.

The Signal Station. A plank walk leads from the Summit House platform beside a small building used as a stage office to another building, for which nearly every visitor inquires,— the so-called "Signal Station."

JOHN HUBBARD SPAULDING — 1821–1893.

From a photograph taken on his seventieth birthday, when he made the ascent of Mount Washington on foot.

It is of wood, one and a half stories high, and was built in 1874 for the use of the weather observers, who were at that period detailed for duty the year round by the Signal Service of the United States Army, which at that time

was fulfilling the functions now performed by the Weather Bureau. The observers at first had quarters in the railway depot, which was subsequently destroyed by a winter gale. Weather observations were maintained continuously from November 13, 1870, until the fall of 1887, and in

THE SIGNAL STATION.

summer for five years thereafter, ending with the season of 1892. During these years a vast amount of valuable data as to the extraordinary weather conditions of this altitude were obtained. In the very first winter the thermometer reached a minimum of 59° below zero (February 5, 1871), while the wind in January, 1878, and on one subsequent date reached a velocity, never equalled elsewhere, of 186 miles an hour.

First Winter on Mountain.

The maintaining of the Signal Station was the outgrowth of a private scientific enterprise, originating with Professor Charles H. Hitchcock of Dartmouth College, at one time State geologist of New Hampshire, and J. H. Huntington, one of his associates in the Geological Survey. The question of the possibility of spending a winter on Mount Washington was discussed between them as far back as 1858; and, during the winter of 1869–70, Mr. Huntington and a photographer, A. F. Clough, of Warren, N.H., spent two months on top of Moosilauke, where they observed many extraordinary phenomena. During the following summer, arrangements were made to occupy the top of Mount Washington through the ensuing winter. Funds were raised by private subscription, largely by S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Mass., who offered his services as one of the expedition. The Signal Service detailed an observer, Sergeant Theodore Smith, to accompany the party, furnishing meteorological instruments, also a telegraph cable for keeping up communication with the world below.

Mr. Huntington, Mr. Nelson, and Sergeant Smith spent the entire winter on the mountain, their perils being shared a part of the time by Prof. Hitchcock and two photographers, H. A. Kimball, of Concord, and A. F. Clough. The record of weather observations began November 13, 1870, continuing until May 12, 1871. Full reports of the weather encountered were telegraphed daily, and the public interest in the enterprise was wide-spread and keen. The station was kept up by the Signal Service after the departure of the volunteer expedition, Sergeant Smith being relieved by Sergeant M. L. Hearne.

Great hardships and thrilling experiences were the lot of the subsequent observers during the winters. Of all these the saddest was the experience of Sergeant Hearne, whose assistant, William Stevens, died of paralysis, February 26, 1872. "For a day and two nights," writes Sergeant Hearne in

Observers' Hardships.

Frost feathers on telegraph poles. Climbing Jacob's Ladder. Changing anemometer cups.

From a painting by W. F. Halsall.

THE SIGNAL STATION IN WINTER.

the journal of the station, "I was alone with his dead body, as no one could come up on account of the hurricane and cold. I look years older than when it occurred."

Sergeant O. S. M. Cone, who passed a single summer and winter on the mountain, when relieved on account of

illness, improvised a sled with a kind of safety brake, and undertook with his comrade, D. C. Murphy, to coast down the track with his trunk. When nearly half-way down, the brakes gave way, and the sled and its passengers were thrown from a high trestle. Almost miraculously they escaped with their lives, although Cone was seriously injured.

Sergeant W. S. Jewell, who was in charge in the years 1878–80, was detailed to this station at his own request, in order to fit himself for service in the Arctic regions, whither he went later with the Greely expedition. Unhappily, he died of starvation, April 12, 1884, the first to perish of that unfortunate company.

View from the Summit. For details of the landscape to be seen from the Summit the visitor is referred to the panoramic view in this book, which embraces the greater number of identified points. For a clearer understanding of it, and to help one to find the best view points for the different sections, the following brief description is given: —

The broad platform in front of the Summit House commands nearly one-half of the whole landscape. From its north-easterly end the view embraces Mounts Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, the Androscoggin Valley, the city of Berlin, N.H., the distant Umbagog and Rangeley Lakes, and many far-away peaks in the wilderness. Mount Carmel, just over Mount Adams, and recognized by its steep slope, is almost on the Canada line. The pyramidal Mount Blue, near Farmington, Me., is a conspicuous object in the east. Katahdin, the highest mountain in Maine, about one hundred and sixty miles distant to the

north-east, has often been sought, and is said to have been recognized; but its identification is uncertain.

Now come to the front of the platform, where, standing with back to the hotel, we are looking due south-east. The two easterly ridges projecting from Mount Washington — Nelson Crag and Boott Spur — lie below us to left and right, respectively. Pinkham Notch is the valley which separates Mount Washington from the Carter Dome and Mount Wildcat, and the Glen House is seen in a cleared space directly at the foot of Washington. Back of the Carter and Wildcat ranges are several lesser mountains, beyond which we look over a broad expanse of hill and valley, covering the southern half of the State of Maine. Thickly overspread with ponds and lakes and diversified with towns and villages, it is singularly beautiful, particularly when seen under the afternoon lights. On favorable days the Atlantic Ocean may be plainly seen. Portland, the nearest point on the sea-coast, is about sixty-five miles distant. The large body of water a little this side of Portland is Sebago Lake, and nearer to us is the long ridge of Pleasant Mountain.

For a fine view of the easterly side of the mountain, the visitor, if he is not going by carriage to the Glen House, should descend the stairs to the stage barn and walk a few rods down the road. Here he looks down upon the beautiful plateau called the Alpine Garden and sees the rugged sides of Tuckerman's and Huntington's Ravines at his right and left.

Looking Southward.

Pinkham Notch opens to the south into the beautiful Saco Valley; and, looking in this direction, we see, first, a portion of Jackson, and then Intervale and North Conway, lying beside the

Saco meadows and overlooked by Kearsarge at the left and Moat Mountain at the right. Lovewell's Pond in Fryeburg is at the left of Kearsarge. To the right of Moat follows the Sandwich Range, beginning with the sharp peak of famous Chocorua, followed by Paugus, the high peaks of Passaconnaway and Whiteface, Tripyramid, and the long ridge of Sandwich Dome. Lake Winnepesaukee, crowded with islands, lies to the right of Paugus. At the right of Whiteface, on extremely clear days, may be seen the tiny peak of Wachusett, near Fitchburg, Mass., about one hundred and thirty miles away. Monadnock, one hundred and two miles distant, is over the right hand end of Sandwich Dome, and again to the right is Kearsarge (south) near Boscawen, N.H.

View from Signal Station. The best outlook to the south is from the platform of the Signal Station. Here you look directly down on the southern peaks of the Presidential Range. Between Washington and Monroe the Crawford Bridle Path winds across Bigelow's lawn and past the little Lakes of the Clouds, which it is hard to believe are two miles away by the path. To the left of the Presidential Range you see the lower portion of the White Mountain Notch, and note the track of the Maine Central Railroad. Beyond the Notch is the majestic form of Mount Carrigain. To the right of the Presidential Range are the Field-Willey Range, and beyond it the Twin Mountain Range, Moosilauke (recognized by the house on top), and the long, jagged Franconia Range. Between Moosilauke and the last-named range we see the dim blue peaks of Killington and Pico, near Rutland, ninety miles away. Turning back toward the left a long series

of peaks in the southern Green Mountains are sometimes seen, the farthest being Haystack, near Wilmington, Vt., about one hundred and thirty miles away.

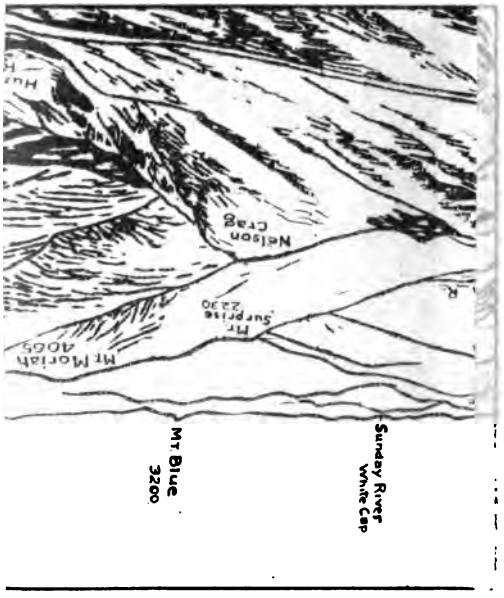
Westerly Outlook. For a westerly view go to the observatory behind the Tip-Top House, or, better, if wind and weather permit, stand on the rocks beyond it. You look down into the valleys of the Ammonoosuc and Israel's Rivers, which were noticed in the course of the ascent. The prominent mountains seen in this direction were mentioned in the description of the view part way up the mountain. The greater altitude makes it possible on exceptionally clear days to see several peaks in the Adirondacks. Mount Marcy, the highest mountain in the State of New York, is directly over the Fabyan House. Over the right-hand slope of Camel's Hump are Whiteface, Catamount, and several other mountains in the Adirondack group. Owl's Head, Orford, and Megantic are among the dim blue Canadian peaks which are scattered along the horizon in the north-west and north.

A great array of little-known mountains fills the landscape to the north of Mounts Jefferson and Adams. Prominent among them are the Percy Peaks, whose graceful form and light color distinguish them from their neighbors.

We have thus completed the circuit of the horizon, ending, as we began, with the noble peaks of the Presidential Range, the grandest of all the objects in the landscape.

[redacted] FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON

IAL RANGE.



om Northeast End of Summit House Platform

	Miles.
Pleasant	
	11½
	5
	8
	1½
	3
	4½
	5
	5½
	5¾
Path	8½
Hut	9½
vine	11
	5½
	7¾
	3½
amp	
otch	
	10

Speckled Mtn.
North
Goose
Old Cap Ridge

NGTON

	Miles.
	6.1
	11
	12.8
	14
	8.2
	11.2
	15.3
	15.4
	11.1
Fl	12
	9.3
	10.7
	16.2

	Miles.
North Conway	17.5
Moat Mountain	16 2
Giant's Stairs	8.5
Mount Nancy	12
Mount Anderson	12
Mount Carrigain	14.2
Mount Hancock	16
Willey-Field Range	8.5
Twin Mountain Range	14
Mount Lafayette (Franconia Range)	19
Rosebrook Range	9
The Mount Washington (hotel)	7
Mount Pleasant House	7.5
Fabyan House	7.7
Mount Deception	6.5
Twin Mountain House	12.7
Mount Agassiz	17
Bethlehem	16
Mount Dartmouth	6.2
Cherry Mountain	10.7
Whitefield	16
Mount Prospect (Lancaster)	18.5
Lancaster	19
Jefferson	13
Mount Starr King	13
Boy Mountain	8
Jefferson Highlands	8.5

POINTS BETWEEN TWENTY AND FORTY MILES.

Speckled Mountain (Grafton Notch)	26
Goose-Eye (Grafton Notch)	27
Mount Caribou	20
Long Lake	32
Pleasant Mountain (Maine)	30
Lovewell's Pond	25
Walker's Pond	24
Ossipee Lake	32
Silver Lake	28
Mount Chocorua	22
Mount Paugus	22
Mount Passaconaway	23
Mount Whiteface	24
Tripyramid	22
Sandwich Dome	28
Mount Prospect (Plymouth)	39
Mount Osceola	22
Mount Carr	37
Mount Moosilauke	32
Sugar Hill	24
Littleton	23

POINTS FORTY MILES DISTANT AND OVER.

Mount Carmel	65
Lake Umbagog	48
Mount Aziscoös	48
Rangeley Lakes	57
Bald Mountain (Maine)	100
Mount Bigelow	81
Mount Abraham	68
Streaked Mountain	44
Mount Megunticook	109
Lewiston	55
Atlantic Ocean	98
Poland Spring House	48
Bay of Naples	40
Sebago Lake	43
Portland	65
Mount Agamenticus	79
Isles of Shoals	96
Lake Winnepesaukee	42
The Uncanoonucs	90
Joe English Hill	93
Wachusett	130
Mount Monadnock	104
Mount Kearsarge (South)	67
Mount Cardigan	53
Mount Sunapee	70
Mount Croydon	72
Haystack (Vermont)	135
Ascutney	81
Pico	88
Killington	88
Mount Marcy	130
Camel's Hump	78
Mount Whiteface (Adirondacks)	130
Mount Mansfield	77
Jay Peak	76
Owl's Head, Canada	80
Orford, Canada	90
Megantic, Canada	86

region. These are seen from the north end of the Summit House platform, looking in the direction in which the railroad track descends. Turn a little to the right and look directly down the mountain, and you see the lights of

	Miles.		Miles.
North Conway			
Moat Mountai			
Giant's Stairs			
Mount Nancy			
Mount Anders			
Mount Carriga			
Mount Hancoc			
Willey-Field R			
Twin Mountai			
Mount Lafay Range)			
Rosebrook Ran			
The Mount Wa			
Mount Pleasant			
Fabyan House			
Mount Deceptic			
Twin Mountain			
Mount Agassiz			
Bethlehem			
Mount Dartmou			
Cherry Mountai			
Whitefield			
Mount Prospect			
Lancaster			
Jefferson			
Mount Starr Kin			
Boy Mountain			
Jefferson Highla			
POINTS BETW FORT			
Speckled Mou Notch)			
Goose-Eye (Graft			
Mount Caribou			
Long Lake			
Pleasant Mountai			
Lovewell's Pond			
Walker's Pond			
Ossipee Lake			
Silver Lake			
Mount Chocorua			
Mount Paugus			
Mount Passaconay			
Mount Whiteface	24	Owl's Head, Canada	80
Tripyramid	22	Orford, Canada	90
Sandwich Dome	28	Megantic, Canada	86

The Sunset. In the rear of the old Tip-Top House is the best point for observing the sunset. Words fail as one undertakes to convey an impression of the grandeur of the spectacle. Cloud coloring and sky tinting of every conceivable hue hold your fascinated attention. The flaming red, the pearly blue, the richest yellow, and sometimes a delicate sea green vie with one another in commanding admiration. Not least impressive is oftentimes the spellbound silence of the onlookers, as the glorious sun sinks slowly behind the Vermont mountains. It is a scene to awaken the deepest emotions of one's being, vividly recalling Whittier's lines: —

> "What Presence from the heavenly heights
> To those of earth stoops down?
> Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
> On Ida's snowy crown!"

Evening at the Summit. Those fortunate enough to have a clear night on Mount Washington have impressions as different from those of the day as light differs from darkness. Nowhere is the world so vast and the observer so small as in that time and place. In the absence of the moon a faint impression can be had of the outlines of the various mountains, while more interesting is the locating of the lights which here and there tell of human habitation. Most brilliant among these is the cluster at Berlin, the only city in the White Mountain region. These are seen from the north end of the Summit House platform, looking in the direction in which the railroad track descends. Turn a little to the right and look directly down the mountain, and you see the lights of

Tip-Top House. Summit House.

THE SUMMIT IN EARLY DAYS.

From John H. Spaulding's "Historical Relics of the White Mountains," 1855.

the Glen House. Far away in this general direction are those of Paris, Norway, Mechanic Falls, Auburn, and Lewiston, as you turn from left to right. Now stand by the railing with your back to the hotel. Looking slightly to the left is a single shining group which marks the Poland Spring House. More to the right and upon the remote horizon may sometimes be seen the lights of Portland. In this direction one should look at the rising of the full moon, when sometimes he will be rewarded by the glimmer of moonlight, first on the ocean, then spreading to Sebago Lake, and gradually, as the orb ascends, lighting up every pond and lake within the range of vision.

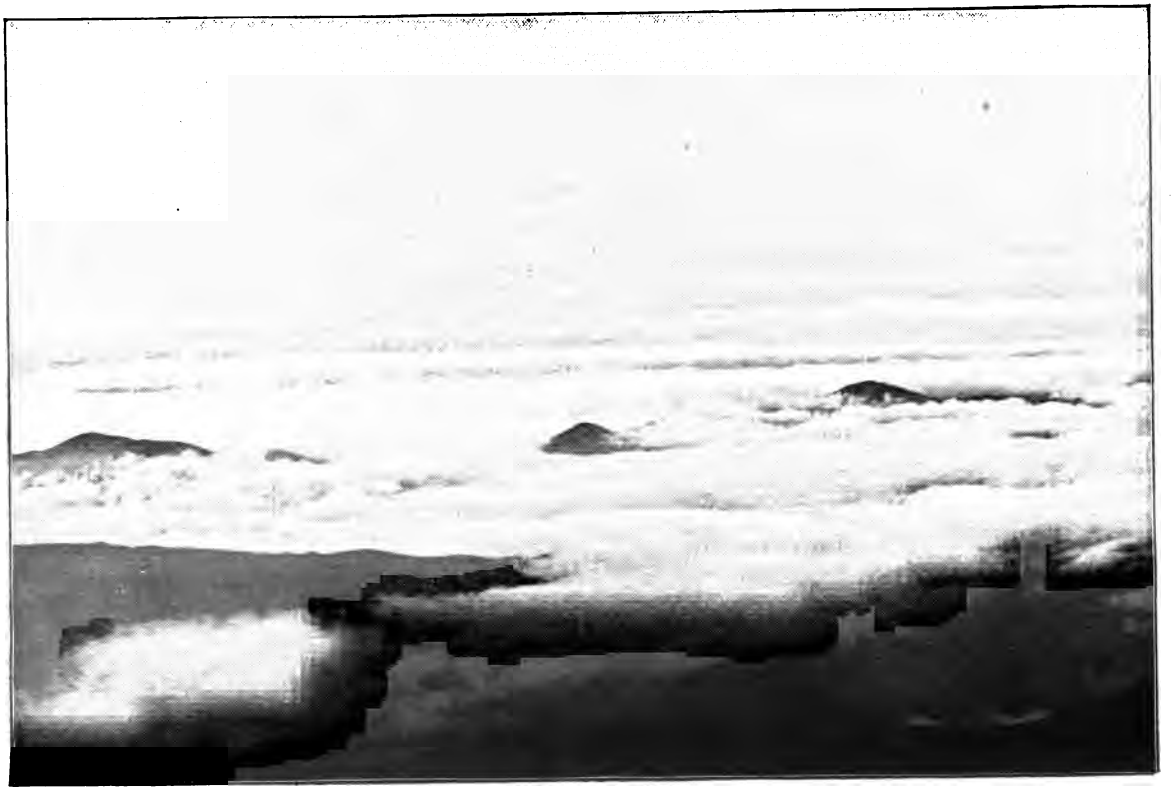
Quite near to the mountain and obliquely to the right are the lights of Jackson. Farther off in this direction you note the glimmerings from Intervale and North Conway. Another decided turn to the right, and you see the remote but still brilliant lights of Laconia, beyond Lake Winnepesaukee. Now go again to the old Tip-Top House (with a lantern) and from the rear windows you may see the brilliant illuminations of the hotels at Bretton Woods, the Fabyan, Twin Mountain, and Maplewood, the latter merging with those of Bethlehem. To the right of Bethlehem is a cluster which means Littleton, and, as you turn decidedly to the right, the Waumbek lights are brilliant in the northwest. Besides these larger groups we may often locate individual farmhouses and summer cottages by the glimmer of their modest lights, sometimes miles away, bringing to mind the thought,

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

Sunrise. The sunrise on Mount Washington brings an entirely different impression than the sunset, though none the less grand. The richest colorings are often seen long before the sun appears, and the early riser has the richest reward. A rising bell rings in ample season when the conditions are favorable. The visitor needs his warmest wraps to face the chilling breeze of the early morning. The wonders of sky coloring are as indescribable as those of sunset. When the sun has once appeared, his long rays steal from peak to peak, working slowly along hill and valley, and bringing out one by one the different points, showing certain sections in the enjoyment of the full light of day long before the shadows have been dispelled from others.

Shadow of the Mountain. A wonderful feature or both sunset and sunrise is the projection of the shadow of the mountain itself upon the sky. At sunset it should be looked for from the Summit House platform a few minutes before the actual disappearance of the sun, and at sunrise from the platform of the Signal Station just after the sun comes into view. So sharp and well defined is the shadow under favorable conditions that it may easily be taken for a real mountain.

Atmospheric Changes. The limitations of this book will not allow mention of any number of the different scenic effects which Mount Washington displays in the course of a summer. One day will be noteworthy for the clearness with which water is seen, when the Atlantic Ocean and Sebago seem to draw nearer to us and every lake and river is a shimmer of white. One day will be marked for extreme distant views, when



By courtesy of Boston & Maine R.R.

clearness of the atmosphere has been brought about by a sharp north-westerly wind. On other days, especially in August, when the temperature is high, the landscape takes on a dreamy aspect, and in the light breeze and genial sunlight one enjoys a view of over half the possible range of vision, while a mellow softness lends a touch of rarest beauty. But one of the wonders of Mount Washington is the "sea of clouds" on those rare days when all New England is in gloom and obscurity under a low-hanging cloud canopy, above which three or four lofty summits rear their lonely heads to bask in the sunshine. At such a time Mount Washington is a rocky island rising above a polar ocean. Above, the sun shines in a blue and cloudless sky. Below, in every direction for a hundred miles or more, a sea of white cloud, rolling and tumbling and changing form every moment, shuts out all the rest of the world, unless Adams or Jefferson or Lafayette may likewise rise above the cloud level. The breaking up of such a sea of cloud affords wonderful effects. Sometimes, before the pressure of the north-west wind, a stream of cloud will fall over the Presidential Range like a colossal Niagara. Such a scene by moonlight is grand beyond imagination.

Storm and Sunshine.

Of the storms and tempests which beat upon Mount Washington it need only be said that their severity is something to which in ordinary experiences elsewhere there is no parallel. But the summer storms are awe-inspiring and thrilling, and to the visitor who makes the ascent in the safe and comfortable railway car, and who finds shelter and warmth in the security of the Summit House, the storm is an inter-

esting experience rather than a source of terror or discomfort. However disappointed one may be at failing to see the view, if he cannot wait till the storm is over, he may yet be glad to have seen the mountain itself in one of its grandest moods. There is an impressive lesson, too, in the triumph of human skill which has enabled him to make the ascent and enjoy his stay at the top while nature was

BOOTT SPUR, IN A SEA OF CLOUDS.

exerting her utmost to baffle him. And, if one's plans will permit of waiting for the end of the storm, the richest reward comes in the first glimpses of the lower world which the vanishing clouds reveal; for the finest views are always had immediately upon the parting of the clouds. The thrill of delight which rewards his patience is something which he who comes on a cloudless day can never know.

The ordinary extremes of temperature in the summer are 40° and 60°. Days are not lacking, however, when

the thermometer may rise to over 70°; but, on the other hand, a drop into the thirties may be encountered in any month. Therefore overcoats and wraps should never be left behind.

SUMMIT HOUSE IN WINTER.

Frost Work. The greatest wonder of the winter landscapes is the frost work, of which summer visitors are now and then fortunate enough to have a display on a small scale. With the thermometer at about 30° and a high north-west wind and a cloud completely saturated with moisture sweeping over the summit, the cloud particles freeze on every exposed object, growing out

against the wind in feathers of extraordinary delicacy, sometimes several feet in length. The telegraph posts will sometimes be covered on the windward side, while the wires are converted into great white cables. Every blade

Photo by S. Towle.

A FROSTY DAY.

of grass has its individual coating of frost, and the exposed walls of the buildings are a spectacle of marvellous beauty.

Mount Washington Railway.

The Mount Washington Railway was projected by Sylvester Marsh, of Littleton, who in 1858 was granted a charter for railways to the summits of Mounts Washington and Lafayette. The idea was received with ridicule, and

years went by before financial support was secured. Finally the necessary money was furnished by the various railroads connecting the White Mountains with Boston and New York, and work began in 1866.

The essential feature of Mr. Marsh's invention was the heavy cog rail laid in the middle of the track. The first locomotive was built by Campbell & Whittier, of Boston, and was used on the road until completely worn out. It was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and is now in the Field Columbian Museum. The other engines were designed by Walter Aiken, of Franklin, N.H., who was the practical man to perfect the details of Mr. Marsh's idea and to supervise the building of the road. The route was surveyed and located by Colonel Orville E. Freeman, of Lancaster, N.H., a son-in-law of the pioneer, Ethan Allen Crawford, whose early path to the Summit became substantially the course of the railway. Mr. Marsh was a retired merchant and Mr. Aiken a manufacturer, while Mr. Freeman was a millwright and mill-owner, at one time carrying on a furniture factory in Lancaster. Neither of the three men had had special experience in railroad matters; yet, with that ready adaptability which characterizes the men of the Granite State, they built a railroad which became at once the wonder of the world.

The first quarter mile of track was built in 1866, and afforded a demonstration of the practicability of the invention. A further half mile was built in 1867, and in 1868 the road was finished to the Lizzie Bourne monument. In July, 1869, it was opened for business to the Summit. The cost of the road was $150,000.

The railway is about three and one-third miles long, and the average grade one foot in four, with a maximum of 13½ inches in three feet, or 1,980 feet to the mile. The locomotive is built with two pairs of cylinders which convey the power to two large cog-wheels, operating in the centre rail, and each independent of the other. Safety is sought

Monroe. Franklin. Pleasant.

SOUTHERN PEAKS AND RAILWAY TRACK, FROM MOUNT CLAY.

at the expense of speed, and the locomotives are so geared that five and one-third strokes of the cylinder are required for one revolution of the cog-wheel. The run from base to summit occupies 70 minutes. The ascent accomplished is 3,700 feet, and the weight of a loaded train is about eighteen tons. In going down the mountain, steam is not used, and the car is controlled by its own brakes, not being coupled to the locomotive. On the upward trip a toothed wheel and ratchet on the engine and another on the car

afford security against accident. The best evidence of the safety of the road is found in the fact that in its long history no passenger has ever received an injury.

John Horne, of Laconia, N.H., who has been connected with the road in various capacities from its early years, and knows every detail of its mechanical structure and every fact in its history, is superintendent, with office at the Base

SUMMIT FROM CHANDLER RIDGE.

Station. Myron P. Browley has filled the position of conductor since 1899, and always makes the trip to the Summit an interesting one for visitors.

Slide-boards. The need of speedy transit for the workmen employed in track repairing and the like led to the invention of the slide-board by which an experienced rider can go from Summit to Base in three minutes, and yet keep under perfect control so as to stop whenever necessary. The board rests lengthwise on the centre rail, and a handle is pivoted to it on either side, ter-

minating below in a piece of iron bent in a peculiar shape, so as to grip the projecting flange of the rail when pulled up. On one of these sleds the roadmaster or his assistant descends every day before the noon train, going slowly enough to make a careful inspection of the entire track.

SLIDE-BOARDS.

Mount Washington Carriage Road.

He who has seen but one side of a mountain has only begun to know it. Hence it is desirable, in visiting Mount Washington, to ascend by rail and go down the carriage road. Tickets are sold for a circuit trip, which includes going up by rail, down the carriage road by mountain wagon to the Glen House, by tally-ho coach

through Pinkham Notch and Jackson to Glen, where trains are taken on the Maine Central Railroad to conclude the day's enjoyment with the magnificent journey through the Crawford Notch.

Mountain wagons leave the Summit at 1 P.M. The road skirts the edge of a sharp declivity, overlooking the Alpine Garden and Tuckerman's and Huntington's Ravines. Reaching in a few minutes the edge of the Great Gulf, a splendid view is had of the Northern Peaks from base to summit. Near the seventh mile post, about a mile from the Summit, it passes a grassy plateau known as the "Cow Pasture," in which is a ruined corral where cows were kept in the early days of the Tip-Top House. For the next three miles the road is a series of long zigzags, steadily descending and affording grand outlooks at every point.

Four miles down is the Half-way House, the headquarters of the men who are charged with the care of the road. The lower section of the road is through a beautiful forest, with occasional outlooks where clearings have been made. Near the foot of the mountain the carriage stops before a memorial tablet to John P. Rich, one of the first contractors of the carriage road and superintendent of construction at its completion. He died in California, November 15, 1863.

The descent accomplished, the carriage crosses the meadow beside the Peabody River and stops before the Glen House, where you look back in wonder at the mountain down which you have come with speed and safety. Washington and the Northern Peaks rise grandly before you. The tally-ho is ready, and you mount to its

MOUNTS ADAMS AND MADISON FROM CARRIAGE ROAD.

roof for the exhilarating drive through Pinkham Notch. The grandest sight on the drive is the view of Mount

OPENING OF MOUNT WASHINGTON CARRIAGE ROAD,
AUGUST 7, 1861.

Washington, Raymond's Cataract, and the great ravines from a point two miles from the Glen House.

Three miles from the Glen House is the entrance to the path which leads to Crystal Cascade, a beautiful waterfall about half a mile from the road. (See page 66.)

MOUNTS ADAMS AND MADISON FROM GLEN HOUSE.

The tally-ho stops four miles from the Glen House to allow passengers to visit Glen Ellis Falls, one of the grandest cataracts in the mountain region. Here the Ellis River makes an unbroken leap of nearly eighty feet.

The carriage road, in its length of eight miles from the Glen House to the Summit, makes an ascent of 4,600 feet, having an average grade of one foot in eight and a maximum grade of one foot in six. Its projector was General David O. Macomber of Middletown, Conn. The charter was granted July 1, 1853, and construction began about 1855. Within a year two miles were finished, and the road was under construction as far as the Ledge, just above the Half-way House. This section was finished in 1857. The pioneer company failed by reason of the great cost of the road. Later, a charter was granted to the Mount Washington Summit Road Company, which completed the road, and on August 8, 1861, opened it for travel. George W. Lane, for many years in charge of the Fabyan House stables, drove the first vehicle to the Summit,—an old-fashioned Concord stage-coach with eight horses,—and Abraham Bedell drove the second team. Mr. Lane cherishes a silver-mounted whip given him by one of his passengers, Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, to commemorate the event; and a similar trophy given to Mr. Bedell by the visitors on his team is in the possession of his nephew, Irving Bedell, of Jefferson.

GLEN ELLIS FALLS.

CONE OF MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM BOOTT SPUR.

PATHS.

For those who love the contact with nature which is found in the primeval forest and on rocky paths, Mount Washington offers every attraction. Paths lead to the Summit from half a dozen different directions. Nearly all of them are well marked, and in good weather the climber is as safe as on a city street. It should be remembered, however, that there is always the chance of a sudden cloud descending and of a storm breaking with frightful suddenness and severity. A prudent climber will never go alone, nor will he start so late as to risk being out after dark. The beginner should always make his start in the morning. For the ascent through Tuckerman's Ravine one should allow from four to five hours from Crystal Cascade to the Summit. From the Crawford House at least six hours should be allowed, and from seven to eight hours from the Ravine House or Bowman. From one to two hours less may be allowed in each case for a descent. But, whatever the path, and whether up or down, an early morning start, with no fixed time for arrival, is always best. The delight of the walk is found largely in freedom from schedule time and in liberty to stop whenever you will for enjoyment of each attractive point.

These estimates of time do not apply, of course, to experts, each of whom will set his pace. The beginner, however, should give himself plenty of time — and lunch. Always remember that a breakdown or accident involves serious consequences both to yourself and to those on

whom falls the burden of your rescue, or who have to bear anxiety and suspense over your possible fate. Ordinary good judgment will enable you to avoid needless risks, and make your climb a benefit and a long remembered pleasure.

Crawford Bridle Path. Though unused by horses for many years, the favorite old path from the Crawford House keeps its original name. It is about eight miles long and strikes into the woods at the foot of Mount Clinton, making the ledges above timber line in about three miles. Winding along the ridge to the northward, it soon reaches Mount Pleasant, and skirts the east side of its beautiful dome. By a branch path you may go over the top of Pleasant if you prefer, and join the main path again near Red Pond. Next, the ascent of Franklin is made, and the path leads to Monroe and along its eastern face, where you look down into Oakes Gulf, named for William Oakes, of Ipswich, one of the early botanical explorers of the mountains. Rounding Monroe, with Washington's cone rising before you, you reach the Lakes of the Clouds and pause by the monument of William B. Curtis. (See page 87.) A third of a mile toward the Summit you pass the shelter built by the Appalachian Club in 1901, and soon reach the junction with the Boott Spur trail. (See page 65.) Just before reaching the cone, our path makes a sudden turn to the left. A few hundred feet from this corner is seen the monument of Harry Hunter. (See page 86.) The hardest climbing now begins, and it is a severe pull for the mile that remains. At last a corral where the horses were usually left is reached, and it is then but a few rods to the top, the path bringing you to the platform of the Signal Station.

The Crawford Path as a bridle path dates from 1840; but its beginning was really in 1819, when Ethan Allen Crawford and his father Abel cut a footpath through the woods up Mount Clinton. Thomas J. Crawford, a younger son of Abel, converted the path into a bridle path

LAKE OF THE CLOUDS.

in 1840; and his father, then seventy-four years old, rode the first horse to the Summit.

Tuckerman's Ravine. Tuckerman's Ravine lies southerly from the Summit and at the northern side of Boott Spur. Its precipitous head wall curves so gracefully from one side of the ravine to the other as to suggest to a guide-book writer of half a century

ago the name of the Mountain Coliseum. The ravine was named for Professor Edward Tuckerman of Amherst

TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE—FALL OF A THOUSAND STREAMS.

College, in honor of his botanical explorations in the mountains. Over the head wall a vast number of trickling brooks form the Fall of a Thousand Streams. The storms of winter fill the ravine to an enormous depth with

snow, and under the shelter of the cliffs there lingers nearly every year a snow bank several hundred feet in extent, which is really a miniature glacier. The swift stream flowing under the bank forms the famous "Snow Arch," which sometimes remains until the latter part of

From a stereoscopic view taken August, 1855.

SNOW ARCH IN TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

August. Visitors should avoid going under the arch, as it often falls without the slightest warning and has thus caused one fatal accident. (See page 88.)

Hermit Lake lies three-quarters of a mile from the snow arch, under the steep crags of Lion's Head. Near it is an Appalachian camp, and a few rods away is the little Glen Lake. From both lakes there is a grand view of the head wall.

From the Summit to the snow arch the path is plainly marked by white paint on the rocks. Half a day is sufficient to go down and back. A guide will be found useful.

CURTIS B. RAYMOND,
Builder of Raymond Path to Tuckerman's Ravine.

The distance is only seven-eighths of a mile either way, but the beginner must expect hard work in coming back.

The first path to the ravine was opened by the late Curtis B. Raymond, of Boston, for many years an explorer and ardent lover of the mountains. The path begins near

the second mile post on the Mount Washington carriage road. The distance from the Summit to Hermit Lake is 1¾ miles, to the carriage road 4⅛ miles, and to the Glen House 5⅞ miles.

The Appalachian Mountain Club maintains a path from Crystal Cascade, joining the Raymond Path a quarter of a mile below Hermit Lake. This is the shortest route from Pinkham Notch to the Summit, the distance being about 3⅝ miles.

The Boott Spur Trail, opened by the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1900, starts near Hermit Lake and passes Overhang Crag, from which a grand view of the cone of Mount Washington is obtained as it rises over the head wall. On Boott Spur the old Davis Trail is utilized for a mile until the Crawford Path is reached. On the southern end of the Spur, a few rods off the path, is a good view of the Gulf of Slides, through or near which, it is believed, lay the route of the earliest explorers.

Huntington's Ravine. Huntington's Ravine, named for J. H. Huntington, the leader of the party that spent the first winter on the mountain, is a deeper and narrower chasm than Tuckerman's, from which it is about a mile distant. Nelson Crag forms its head wall, and the ascent is difficult and perilous. It is an easy walk from the Summit to the edge of the ravine, where a grand view may be had. Go down the carriage road to the Cow Pasture, turn to the right, and pick your way over rocks and down a rough slope for fifteen or twenty minutes, and you are on the plateau called the Alpine Garden, the richest spot for botanical research on the mountain. Huntington's Ravine cuts deeply into the

CRYSTAL CASCADE.

Garden, and you may safely approach the edge and see the wonderful rock formations. But here, as in all such places, refrain from throwing stones over to time their fall. Climbers are more frequent every year, and one cannot be too careful to avoid putting them in peril.

Ammonoosuc Ravine. From the Lakes of the Clouds springs the Ammonoosuc River which literally leaps down the mountain side through a great ravine lying between spurs of Mounts Monroe and Washington and facing toward Fabyan's. The ravine is scarred by many landslides, and is of little interest except as one follows the stream to see the falls, which descend many hundreds of feet, and were many years ago named Captain Dodge's Cascades, for the first proprietor of the present Summit House.

Mount Pleasant Path. A bridle path to Mount Pleasant was opened from Fabyan's soon after the construction of the Crawford Bridle Path. The path left the road between Fabyan's and Mount Washington at Twin Rivers, joining the Crawford Path near the top of Mount Pleasant. After long disuse the trail was reopened by the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1886, but was little used, and became again overgrown and almost forgotten until the proprietors of the Mount Pleasant House in 1900 cleared and improved it, making a new road to the foot of the mountain.

The Northern Peaks. Most of the paths to the northern peaks of the Presidential Range — Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Clay — start from Randolph and are readily accessible by rail or highway from the hotels in that town, as well as from Gorham, the Glen

House, Jefferson Highlands, and Jefferson. Lowe's Path up Mount Adams, the first made on this side of the range, was opened in 1876 by Charles E. Lowe.

At Appalachia Station in Randolph, near the Ravine

Photo by H. C. Rowell, Berlin, N.H.

MADISON SPRING HUT—AN APRIL VISIT.

House, a group of paths have their start, two of them leading directly to Madison Spring Hut, which was built by the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1888–89 on the ridge between Madison and Adams, 4,820 feet above the sea. The easier path is the Valleyway, 3¾ miles long, which follows the valley of Snyder Brook and for its first

half mile is built across a reservation owned by the Club. Beautiful cascades are passed on or near the path. The Watson Path leaves the Valleyway at Duck Fall and leads directly to the top of Madison.

The Airline Path to the Hut ascends Durand Ridge, overlooking King's Ravine. The Scaur Path is a connecting link between the Valleyway and the Airline, passing Durand Scaur. The lower slopes of Madison and Adams are a perfect cobweb of paths, many of which were made by Appalachians and others sojourning at the Ravine House.

King's Ravine. Mount Adams is cloven to its very centre by King's Ravine, which was first explored and described by Rev. Thomas Starr King, and which offers to the vigorous climber the hardest work of any ravine on the range. Paths enter it from the Ravine House, and a long and precipitous climb brings one out of the rocky "Gateway," somewhat higher than the Madison Hut. Neither the ascent nor descent should be attempted without the company of some one familiar with the paths. The head wall is a sheer precipice of enormous height.

Over the Range. The finest path system on the range consists of the Gulfside Trail and Israel Ridge Path, built by Mr. J. Rayner Edmands of Harvard Observatory, as a contribution to the pleasure of mountain climbers. The Israel Ridge Path leaves Bowman, three miles west of Appalachia, and ascends through the Ravine of the Cascades, passing many beautiful falls on Cascade Brook. Two private camps owned by Mr. Edmands, Cascade Camp and the Perch, are passed, and between them the path goes under the Edmands Arch, a curious

MOUNTS JEFFERSON, ADAMS AND MADISON.
Looking from Mount Washington across the Great Gulf.

rock formation. Between Mounts Sam Adams and Jefferson the path joins the Gulfside Trail, which on the left hand leads to Mount Adams and the Madison Hut and on the right hand proceeds to Mount Washington. Going toward Mount Washington the path keeps to the left of the peak of Jefferson, to avoid climbing as much as possible, and gives a beautiful view into the Great Gulf with Mount Washington beyond. Crossing Monticello Lawn, a beautiful grassy slope on the south side of Jefferson, a fairly level course is followed on the right of Mount Clay. The slope of Mount Washington is reached below the Gulf Tank, and the path skirts the edge of the Gulf, joining the carriage road near the Summit.

The Randolph Path leads from Appalachia, crossing several of the other paths diagonally, and finally joining the Israel Ridge Path. This, in connection with the Gulfside Trail, is the shortest route from Mount Washington to Appalachia.

From the Jefferson Notch Road, four miles from E. A. Crawford's in Jefferson Highlands, a path ascends Mount Jefferson two miles to Camp Crawford, at four thousand feet altitude,— a private camp owned by summer residents of Jefferson Highlands. From the camp the path continues to ascend, crossing the upper part of the Ridge of the Caps and joining the Gulfside Trail, making a short route to Mount Washington.

The Castellated Ridge is a spur of Mount Jefferson extending north-westerly toward Mount Bowman. The Castles are strange rock formations with a striking resemblance to some of the ruined castles of the Rhine.

There is an open shelter on the east slope of Mount

LOOKING INTO THE GREAT GULF.
From the Gulfside Trail.

Jefferson, near the Gulfside Trail, maintained by the proprietor of the Willis House at Gorham.

The views on the range are magnificent in the extreme. The sharp pyramid of Adams and the graceful form of Madison grow in interest and beauty as one approaches them, and the grandeur of Washington itself is best realized in this walk.

PRESIDENTIAL RANGE FROM JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS.

HISTORY OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The first recorded ascent of Mount Washington is that of an Irishman, Darby Field,* of Exeter, N.H.,† who, with two Indians, made the ascent in May or June, 1642. So much interest did his story arouse that he returned in June with a party of five or six, and about the last of August of the same year the mountain was visited by Thomas Gorges and Mr. Vines, two of the magistrates of the province. From that time to 1774 only two ascents are on record. Settlements in the mountain region had hardly begun to be made until about the latter period.

Few Indian traditions are found relative to Mount Washington, save a belief that in the time of a general deluge the Indian prototypes of Noah and his family were saved by fleeing hither, while the story was told that

*The authority for Field's visit, Governor John Winthrop (History of New England, edition of 1853, vol. ii. p. 80), tells the story in much detail, beginning: "One Darby Field, an Irishman, living about Pascataquack [Portsmouth], went to the top of the white hill." On page 107 he uses these words, "Mention is made before of the white hills, discovered by one Darby Field." Dr. Jeremy Belknap (History of New Hampshire, i. 18–21), states that the first ascent was made in 1631 by Captain Walter Neal, Henry Jocelyn and Darby Field; but an examination of his authorities shows that he has confused Henry Jocelyn with a writer and traveller of later date, John Josselyn, and has interwoven the stories of three explorers without evidence to justify it. Ferdinand Gorges ("America painted to the Life," 1659, p. 48) tells of Neal's fruitless search for the "lake of Iroquois," but makes no mention of the White Mountains. Neal was sent out by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, grandfather of the last-named author, and had he ever climbed Mount Washington it would not have escaped record.

†Field appears to have been one of the original settlers of Exeter, N.H. He was named as one of the grantees in the Indian deed to the settlers, April 3, 1638, and witnessed a confirmatory deed executed by Watohantowet, April 10, 1639. He was a member of the earliest church in Exeter. In 1645 he was living at Oyster River (now Durham), N.H., where he died in 1649, leaving children (Bell's History of Exeter).

Passaconaway, the great New Hampshire chieftain, took flight toward heaven from Mount Washington, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire. The names of "Agiochook" and "Waumbek Methna" ("mountains with snowy foreheads") have been handed down as the Indian names respectively for Mount Washington and for the whole range.

Mount Washington was named soon after the Revolution. The name is found in the record of a visit by Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., in 1784, with Rev. Daniel Little, of Kennebunk, Me., Colonel John Whipple, of Jefferson, N.H., and others, who were the first party to climb the mountain for scientific observation.

The names of Mounts Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant were given by a party from Lancaster who visited the range in 1820.

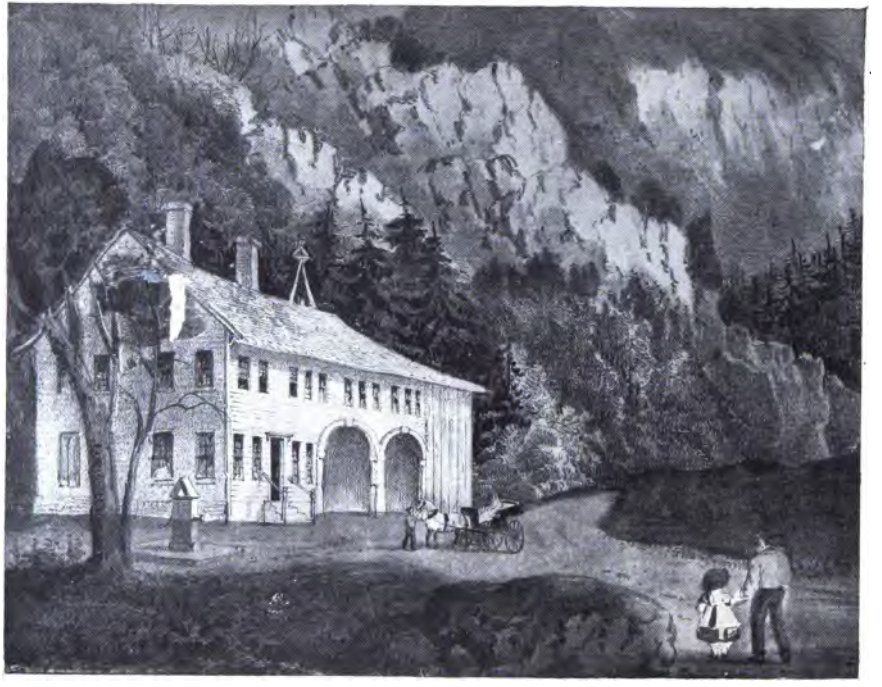
The Crawfords and Rosebrooks. Visitors to Mount Washington were few until the coming of the Crawford and Rosebrook families as pioneers into the very heart of the mountains. In 1792 Eleazer Rosebrook settled with his family at what is now Fabyan's. His son-in-law, Abel Crawford, who had preceded him a short time, soon removed to the lower part of the Notch, near the present Bemis station, where he lived to a great age, honored and loved as "the Patriarch of the Mountains."

In 1803 Mr. Rosebrook built a house for the accommodation of travelers on top of a high mound afterward called the Giant's Grave, almost on the site of the present Fabyan House. After his death, in 1817, his grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, son of Abel, became the owner of the house and farm. There he lived for many years,

sheltering travelers, guiding them up Mount Washington, building paths and camps, and enduring hardships untold to clear the way for those who were to come after. With his father he opened the first path for the use of visitors to Mount Washington in 1819. In the spring of 1821 he located a shorter route to the Summit, which is practically the course of the railroad, and cut it through the woods the same summer. In August, 1821, he guided a party of three ladies, the Misses Austin, of Portsmouth, up the mountain, they being the first women to set foot on Mount Washington. He built the first cabin for visitors near the top of the mountain, a stone hut, whose ruined and moss-grown walls may still be seen near the Gulf Tank.* Chancellor Kent, of New York, and Daniel Webster were among the famous men whom he guided to the Summit. In 1828 with his father he built the Notch House near the site of the present Crawford House, and his brother, Thomas J. Crawford, kept it from 1829 to 1852. Ethan Allen Crawford died June 22, 1846, aged fifty-four, broken down prematurely by the hardships of his life. He was 6 feet 2½ inches † tall and of extraordinary strength, and his life is an important part of White Mountain history. His wife, Lucy Howe Crawford, was a heroic and devoted companion, aiding him nobly in the struggles of pioneer life.

* Ethan's camp near the Base was swept away by the rising Ammonoosuc the night of the Willey slide, August 28, 1826 ("History of the White Mountains," by Lucy Crawford, edition of 1883, page 96), and by a misunderstanding of subsequent writers it has been repeatedly stated that it was the camp on the mountain which was then destroyed. Stephen M. Crawford, a son of Ethan Allen Crawford, told the writer in 1901 that the ruins above described were unquestionably those of his father's cabin.

† Starr King, in "The White Hills," page 223, says: "He grew to be nearly seven feet in height," but a daughter of the pioneer vouches for the fact that he stood just 6 feet 2½ inches in his stockings.



From an old print.

NOTCH HOUSE—BUILT 1828.

Historical Notes.

Of the development of facilities for reaching the Summit by paths and carriage we have already spoken. Besides the paths now in use were the Davis Path from Abel Crawford's place in the Notch, which traversed the Montalban Ridge to Boott

TIP-TOP HOUSE IN WINTER.

Spur and was about fourteen miles long, and the Glen Path, which preceded the carriage road.

The first winter ascent of Mount Washington was made by B. F. Osgood, now of Gorham, and Lucius Hartshorne, of Lancaster, December 7, 1858. Mr. Hartshorne was a deputy-sheriff, and went in the interest of Samuel Fitch

Spaulding, one of the proprietors of the Tip-Top House, to make an attachment of property at the Summit. Mr. Osgood was a guide at the Glen House for many years, and is now the proprietor of the "Rustic Bazar" at the Crawford House. The ascent was made from the Glen House, the climbers following the road to the Half-way House and walking the rest of the way on the crust.

FIRST OBSERVATORY—1854.

John H. Spaulding, of Lancaster, elsewhere referred to, made the ascent February 19, 1862, with Franklin White, a photographer, and Chapin C. Brooks,* and spent two days and nights in the old Tip-Top House.

Soon after the Bridle Path was opened a wooden shelter was built at the Summit, which Rev. Edward Everett Hale† tells of seeing in 1841. Its existence was short, but what became of it is not recorded.

* Mr. Brooks is now (1904) living at North Wayne, Me.

† *Among the Clouds*, Sept. 5, 1902.

In 1854 Timothy Estus of Jefferson built the first observatory on the mountain,— a frame structure in which an elevator was operated by a crank and gearing. It went to ruin in a year or so.

THE TOWER — 1880–1902.
Showing frost formations.

In 1880 the railway company built a substantial wooden tower 27 feet high, overlooking all the buildings. It was used for several summers by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in the triangulation of the region, and was also a favorite place of look-off. In 1892 a powerful search light was operated on the tower, which was then

carried up another story. Having fallen into decay, the tower was removed in 1902.

The first women to climb Mount Washington in winter were Mrs. Orville E. Freeman, of Lancaster, N.H., and Mrs. Charles Durgin, of Andover, N.H., daughters of the pioneer, Ethan Allen Crawford. With their brother William H. Crawford, of Jefferson, and their nephew Ethan Allen Crawford, of Jefferson Highlands, they walked up the railway track on a mild afternoon in February, 1874, and spent the night at the Signal Station. No other woman is known to have made the ascent in winter except Dr. Mary R. Lakeman, of Salem, Mass., who walked up from the Glen House with a party of Appalachians in February, 1902.

The first ascent by automobile was made August 31, 1899, by Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Stanley, of Newton, Mass.

President Grant and family visited the Summit in 1869, the year of the opening of the railway. President and Mrs. Hayes and members of the cabinet were on the mountain August 20, 1877, accompanied by Governor B. F. Prescott, of New Hampshire, and other State officials, and Rev. and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. Franklin Pierce visited Mount Washington, but not during his presidential term. Jefferson Davis visited the Summit prior to the Civil War. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England was a guest at the Summit House in 1883. In 1900, Governor Johnston and staff, of Alabama, were entertained at the Summit by Governor Rollins and staff, of New Hampshire.

Casualties. While Mount Washington has a death-roll of much pathetic interest, it should be noted that the total number of fatalities among climbers in the

whole history of the mountain is only eight. Considering the many inexperienced climbers who make the ascent every year, it will be seen that the element of danger is small and would be practically absent if visitors refrained from climbing alone.

Frederick Strickland, a young Englishman, son of Sir George Strickland, perished in October, 1851. He set out to ascend by the Crawford Path, but at the top of Mount Clinton a snowstorm was encountered and his guide refused to go further. The young man persisted in going on alone. As he failed to return, a search was made, and his tracks were followed to the Summit and thence back to the Ammonoosuc River and down its precipitous course, until he was found lying on his face in the stream.

Lizzie C. Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., twenty-three years old, daughter of Edward E. Bourne, Judge of Probate of York County, perished September 14, 1855, near the spot where her monument now stands. She started from the Glen House about 2 P.M. on that day, with her uncle, George W. Bourne, and his daughter, Lucy A. Bourne, intending to spend the night at the Summit. Walking up the carriage road as far as it was then built, they left the Half-way House at four o'clock* to finish the climb by the path. The sky was bright; but a violent gale was soon encountered, against which they struggled until long after sunset. Lizzie finally showed signs of exhaustion, and in the darkness it became impossible for the party to proceed further. Utterly ignorant of the

* E. C. Spaulding and his brother (sons of Samuel F. Spaulding, one of the proprietors of the Tip-Top House) met them about five o'clock, about two miles below the Summit. They were then getting on well and evidently anticipated no trouble in reaching the top. (*Among the Clouds*, July 25, 1903.)

nearness of the Summit the girls lay down in the path, while Mr. Bourne by hard work succeeded in building a rude stone wall to shelter them from the gale. But his

LIZZIE C. BOURNE.
Photographed for this book from a painting in possession of her family.

efforts to protect his niece were in vain, for about ten o'clock he found her lifeless, she having doubtless succumbed to heart failure.* Mr. Bourne and his daughter

*Letter of George W. Bourne, Boston *Journal*, Sept. 24, 1855.

MONUMENT OF LIZZIE BOURNE,
Hope Cemetery, Kennebunk, Me.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Front.

LIZZIE C. BOURNE,

Aged 23 yrs.

Daughter of Edward E. Bourne,

of Kennebunk, Maine.

Here in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, she lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

This monument was meant for the top of Mt. Washington, but its erection there was prevented by the failure of the projected road.

Right Side.

In the afternoon of September 14, 1855, Miss Bourne, with her Uncle and Cousin, attempted to climb this mountain, but her strength suddenly failed. From the wet, cold blast they sought the poor shelter of these rocks. And here about 10 at night she expired in consequence it is thought of a heart disease fatally aggravated by toil and fatigue.

Back.

Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined
rest,
Whilst I (reversed our Nature's kind-
lier doom)
Pour forth a father's sorrows o'er thy
tomb.

Left Side.

She had a lively intellect, a joyous heart and strong affections and was to her kindred and friends inexpressibly dear.

GEORGE W. BOURNE,
Uncle of Lizzie Bourne.

remained by her side until daybreak before discovering how near they had been to the Summit.* Mr. Bourne, who was a shipbuilder at Kennebunk, lived but a little over a year after the sad event, dying December 7, 1856, aged 55.

Dr. B. L. Ball, of Boston, passed through a perilous experience in October, 1855, soon after Miss Bourne's death. After spending a night at the Half-way House he set out in unfavorable weather for the Summit. Overtaken by a snowstorm he lost his way and spent two nights crouching under his umbrella in the midst of a clump of scrub trees. On the third day he was found by a searching party. His hands and feet were frozen, and he had neither food, drink, nor sleep for forty-eight hours; but he survived the terrible exposure.

Benjamin Chandler, an elderly man from Wilmington, Del., while walking up the Glen Path alone, August 7, 1856, was caught in a storm and strayed from the path; and his fate was not known for nearly a year, when his remains were found near what is now called Chandler Ridge, not far from the Lizzie Bourne monument.

Harry W. Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., twenty-two years old, a printer, perished near the Bridle Path, barely half a mile from the Summit, September 3, 1874. He left the Willey House in the Notch early in the morning, after writing home that he was about to ascend Mount Washington. Nothing was known of his fate until on July 14, 1880, three Amherst students discovered the young man's remains partially concealed by a shelving rock, beside which he had lain down to rest. The Signal Service

*The lowest temperature at the Tip-Top House during the night was 31° (letter from Glen House to New York *Tribune*, dated Sept. 15, 1855), but none of the published accounts mention the falling of snow or rain.

MONUMENT OF WILLIAM B. CURTIS.

records showed that the weather was fair when he started, but that a high wind prevailed during the hours when he must have been crossing the range from Mount Clinton. Rain fell from 3 to 9 P.M., when the thermometer dropped to 30 degrees,— conditions ample to account for his death.

Ewald Weiss, a violinist employed at the Summit House, set out for Mount Adams on Sunday, August 24, 1890, and was never seen afterward. A severe storm prevailed during the day, and it is supposed that he perished in one of the ravines.

Sewall E. Faunce, fifteen years old, son of Sewall A. Faunce, of Boston, was killed by the falling of the snow arch in Tuckerman's Ravine, July 24, 1886.

William B. Curtis, of New York, one of the most noted American amateur athletes, known to many friends as "Father Bill" Curtis, accompanied by Allan Ormsbee, of Brooklyn, started up the Crawford Bridle Path on Saturday, June 30, 1900, to join the members of the Appalachian Club, who were about to hold a field meeting at the Summit House. One of the most furious storms ever known at that season burst upon them during the ascent, with rain, hail, and a gale of nearly one hundred miles an hour. On the following Monday Mr. Curtis's body was found lying in the path near the Lakes of the Clouds, while that of his companion was discovered within five minutes' walk of the Signal Station, whither he had climbed by almost superhuman efforts over the ice-coated rocks. Mr. Curtis was born in Vermont, January 13, 1837, and Mr. Ormsbee was about thirty-two years of age.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO WILLIAM B. CURTIS.

Ownership. Mount Washington lies in the unincorporated tract of land called Sargent's Purchase, which contains 25,000 acres, and was sold by the State of New Hampshire to Jacob Sargent and others, May 31, 1832, for $3,000. Through various conveyances the title came in 1846 to Samuel D. Cowes, of Portsmouth, N.H., and David Pingree, of Salem, Mass., who sold, in 1853, to the Jackson Iron Manufacturing Company, a corporation of which Mr. Pingree was for some years president. A controversy over the title to the Summit grew out of a State grant of 12,000 acres of land lying north of Sargent's Purchase, and including portions of Mounts Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, to George P. Meserve, of Jackson, and Samuel W. Thompson, of Conway, N.H., July 28, 1835. This tract, known as Thompson and Meserve's Purchase, was afterward bought by John Bellows, of Exeter, N.H., and Henry B. Wells, of Brookline, Mass., who brought suit against the Jackson Iron Manufacturing Company to establish title to the top of Mount Washington. By the loose methods of conveyancing and surveying practised at the time of the grants, the line between the two tracts had not been well defined, and the door had been left open for a long contest. The heirs of David Pingree ended the litigation in 1872 by buying the opposing parties' interests in both tracts. About the same time the Jackson Iron Manufacturing Company conveyed its title to the Pingree heirs, and for many years the property was held by Ebenezer S. Coe, of Bangor, Me., and David Pingree, of Salem, trustees under the will of the elder David Pingree.

The Summit House was built in part on the Pingree

land, and the Mount Washington Railway Company paid a yearly rental for the Summit of $3,000, the exact amount of the original purchase price of the whole 25,000 acres. By deed dated April 30, 1894 (recorded with Coos County Deeds, vol. 68, p. 310), the Pingree heirs conveyed to the railway company all that portion of the Summit included within a circle of fifty rods radius, measured from a point near the stage office, together with the interest of the heirs in all the buildings except the stage office and stables, and excepting the rights previously conveyed to the Mount Washington Summit Road Company. The Pingree heirs have subsequently sold their interest in the remainder of the mountain, which is now held by parties representing certain lumber interests.

Appalachian Mountain Club. Reference has been made in previous pages to paths and other facilities for pedestrians maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club. The Club was organized in 1876, and its first president was Prof. E. C. Pickering of Harvard Observatory. Its headquarters are in Boston, and it numbers over 1,500 members, who represent every phase of interest in the mountains, from the scientific observer to the pleasure-seeker. It holds several tracts of land in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, as semi-public reservations, which have been given it to hold for their preservation in unimpaired beauty. The Club has held four field meetings at the Summit House,— in 1886, 1894, 1900, and 1904.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

In the preparation of this handbook, undertaken and carried through in the midst of duties which left no time for exhaustive study, the writer has relied much upon his personal familiarity with Mount Washington, upon facts found in the files of *Among the Clouds*, and upon earlier researches made in the preparation of his smaller book, "Among the White Mountains," now out of print. The historical chapter has involved the most labor. Having consulted the earliest accessible authorities and secured, when possible, the statements of those having personal knowledge of the events, the writer feels that he has satisfactorily cleared up many disputed points. Many facts not found in any previous work of the kind have been brought to light. Should any errors be noticed the writer will welcome corrections for use in future editions.

The writer's task has been a pleasant one, and, while aware of the necessary incompleteness of the work, he hopes that it will add to the pleasure and knowledge of visitors, and that it may perchance lead some who know not our grand old Mount Washington to come and see it and love it.

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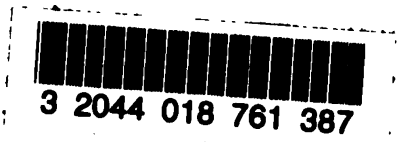

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